

JULY-AUGUST

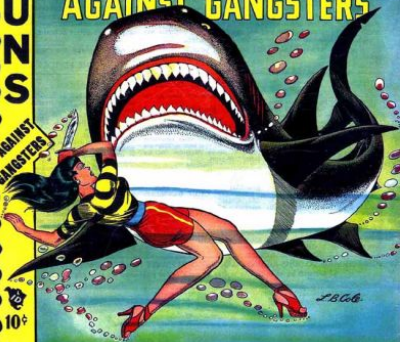
VOL.1 - NO.6

# GUNS

## AGAINST GANGSTERS

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AGAINST  
GANGSTERS



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# TONI GAYLE

**S**HARKS AND SMUGGLERS  
TEST THE METTLE OF THE  
QUICK-WITTED MODEL-  
DETECTIVE IN THE THRILLING  
"CASE OF THE  
POISON RING"!



**O**FF THE COAST OF MAINE, TONI POSES FOR  
FASHION PHOTOS OF NAUTICAL COSTUMES...



DIS MAKES A NICE  
HOLIDAY FER DIS POOR  
OVERWORKED BODYGUARD,  
TONI! YA CAN'T GET INTO  
TROUBLE OUT HERE!

CLICK!

MAYBE NOT, BIFF... BUT IF THAT SPEEDBOAT  
ZOOMING AT US DOESN'T VEER OFF, WE'LL ALL  
BE IN TROUBLE!



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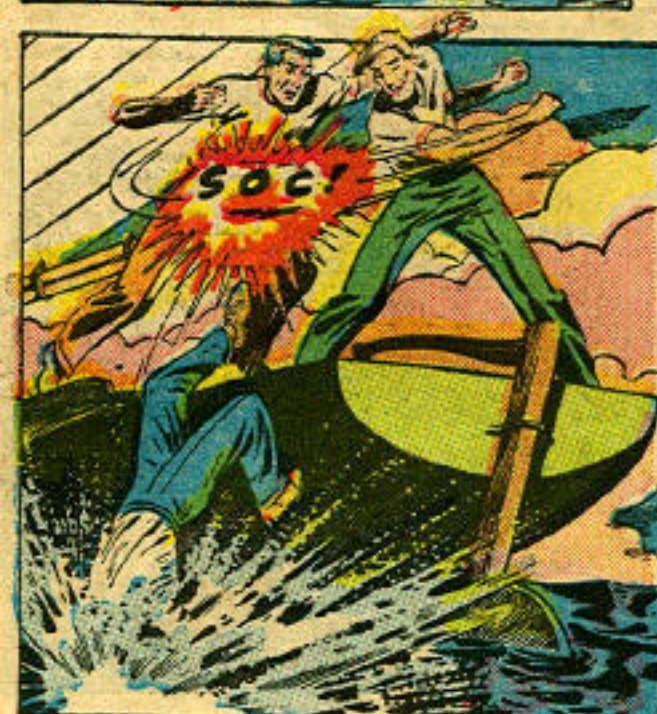


SNAP IT UP, BOYS! HEAD FOR SHORE...  
AND FOR PETE'S SAKE DON'T FALL  
OVERBOARD! THAT SHARK OUT THERE  
LOOKS AWFULLY HUNGRY!



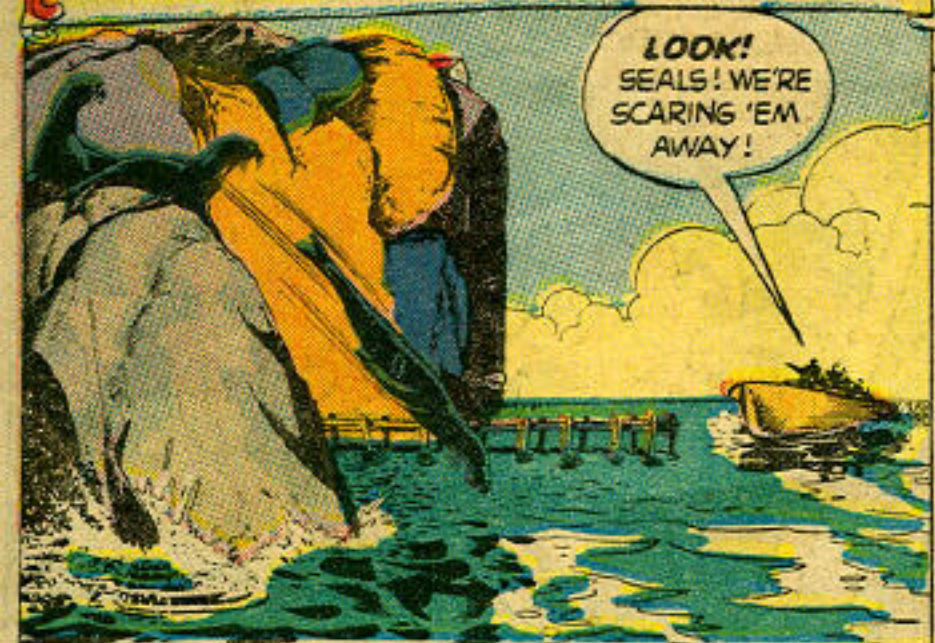
No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."







CAPTAIN KELL TAKES HIS PRISONERS TO A SMALL ISLAND...



LOOK!  
SEALS! WE'RE  
SCARING 'EM  
AWAY!

TONI AND HER FRIENDS ARE LOCKED  
IN A SHACK ATOP THE CLIFF...



NOW LET'S GET DOWN  
TO BUSINESS. HAND OVER  
THE JEWELS!

BUT WE CAN'T!

COME  
ON, DON'T STALL.  
HAND 'EM OVER!

BUT  
WE CAN'T!  
THE SHARK  
ATE THEM!

A SHARK! I'VE HEARD  
WEAK ALIBIS, BUT THAT  
TOPS 'EM ALL!

YEAH! TELL US THE  
TRUTH, SISTER, OR WE  
GOTTA GET ROUGH!



DAT IS DA  
TRUTH, PUNK! A  
SHARK GOBBLED  
UP DA SPARKLERS!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!

FANTASTIC!



I'LL GIVE YOU EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES TO THINK  
IT OVER! THEN I'LL KILL YOU, ONE BY ONE, UNLESS  
YOU TELL ME THE **TRUTH!**



Evil men appear in these stories, but "they get what's coming to them."



SOON...

WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE. WHEN WE TELL THE TRUTH, HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IT!

AND IF WE LIE, HE'LL KILL US!

LISTEN!

HEAR THAT? THE SEALS ARE BARKING, STEADY, AS IF THEY WERE ASHORE SOMEPLACE.

SO WHAT! A FINE TIME TO TAKE UP NATURE STUDY!

FUNNY! THE SEALS CAN'T EVEN BE SEEN FROM UP HERE. THEY MUST HAVE SOME PRIVATE, HIDDEN LITTLE BEACH OF THEIR OWN BELOW!

THE FIVE MINUTES ARE UP! LET'S HAVE THE FIRST VICTIM... OR THE TRUTH!

(SIGH!) I'LL GO FIRST!

NO!

I INSIST ON BEING THE FIRST VICTIM!

WHY DON'T YOU GET SMART AND SHOW ME WHERE YOU HID THE JEWELS!

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF HER CAPTORS, TONI RACES TO THE CLIFF AND DIVES OVER!

HEY! IT'S SUICIDE!



YOU WON'T BE LONELY DOWN THERE IN DAVY JONES'S LOCKER! YOUR PALS ARE COMING DOWN TOO, SISTER!

CRACK!

CRACK!

AS SOON AS SHE STRIKES WATER, TONI SWERVES BACK TOWARD THE CLIFF...

WHEN I DON'T COME UP, THEY'LL THINK I'M DEAD, BUT IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT...

TONI'S HUNCH IS RIGHT! NESTLED UNDER THE CLIFF, OUT OF VIEW FROM ABOVE, IS A SMALL BEACH!

I'LL COME UP WHERE THEY CAN'T SEE ME!

IF KELL SHOVS BIFF AND CHICK OVER, THEY'LL BE TRUSS'D UP! I'LL NEED THIS SHARP SHELL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BYE-BYE, BIG BOY! THERE! THAT PROVES I AINT KIDDING! FOR THE LAST TIME! WHERE ARE THE JEWELS?

I-I D-DON'T KNOW!

IT'S BIFF! I'LL HAVE TO STAY UNDERWATER SO KELL WON'T SEE ME!

Large, easy-to-read lettering in all "balloons" in this magazine.





WHAT THE...?



GOLLY! YA NEVER KNOW WHERE TONI IS GONNA TURN UP!



A MINUTE LATER...

THANKS A MILLION, TONI! HOW DID YA EVER FIND THIS PLACE?

THE SEALS TIPPED ME OFF, BIFF! SIT TIGHT WHILE I GET CHICK!

WHILE TONI RESCUES CHICK, KELL AND HIS MEN GATHER IN THE SHACK.

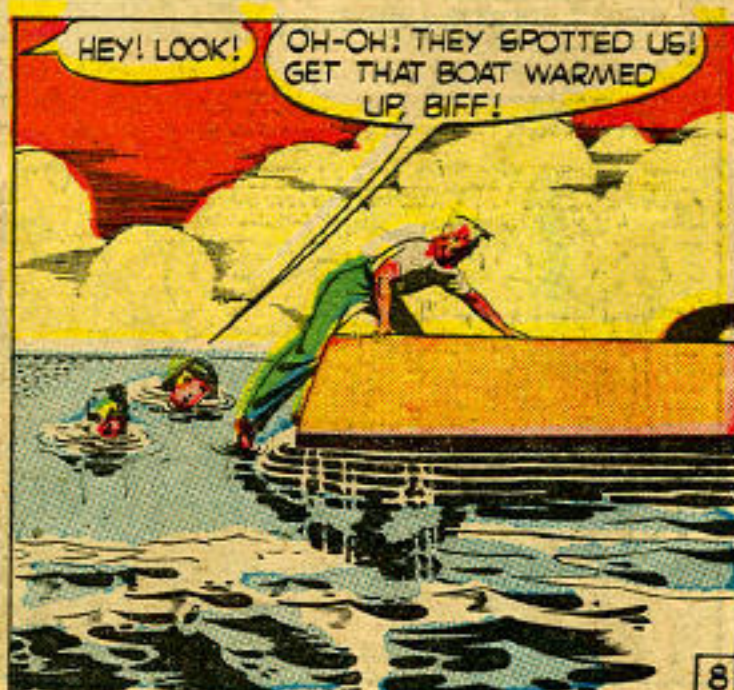
UGH! WHAT A FLOP! ALL OUR WORK TO SMUGGLE IN THOSE JEWELS WAS WASTED!

WE LOST A MILLION BUCKS! DO..DO YOU THINK MAYBE A SHARK DID EAT THE GEMS?



AS THE SMUGGLERS BROOD, TONI AND HER FRIENDS ACT...

THEY'RE OFF GUARD NOW. THEY THINK WE'RE DEAD. NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SWIM TO THE SPEEDBOAT AND TAKE OVER!



HEY! LOOK!

OH-OH! THEY SPOTTED US! GET THAT BOAT WARMED UP, BIFF!





THEY'RE ALIVE! IT  
AIN'T POSSIBLE!

THEY GOT THE  
BOAT! WE'RE  
TRAPPED!



BIFF ZOOMS THE SPEEDBOAT  
OUT TO SEA AND SAFETY!

WE'RE  
OUT OF  
RANGE  
NOW!

THEY CAN'T ESCAPE  
WITHOUT A BOAT! RADIO  
THE COAST GUARD, CHICK!  
WE'LL CIRCLE THE  
ISLAND TILL THEY  
GET HERE!



MOON...

GOOD!  
YOU GOT  
'EM ALL!

IT'S A PITY WE  
CAN'T GET THOSE  
BEAUTIFUL GEMS,  
TOO!



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED  
ON THE TRIP BACK. MAYBE  
WE **CAN** GET THE  
JEWELS!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
YOU SAID THE SHARK...



WHEN THEY REACH THE POINT WHERE THE  
SHARK GOBBLED THE JEWELS!..

EH?

THERE'S MR. SHARK! DEAD AS  
CAN BE! TAKE HIM  
APART AND YOU'LL  
FIND THE JEWELS!



LATER...

AMAZING! WE FOUND THE  
GEMS INSIDE THE SHARK!  
HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I FIGURED THE POISON  
IN THAT POISON CAPSULE  
RING WOULD BE FATAL EVEN  
FOR A SHARK...AND IT  
WAS!

IT PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT CRIME  
DOESN'T PAY!...NOT EVEN FOR A  
SHARK!



The End

Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



# THE GUNMASTER

GREGORY GAYLE



SHADES OF DAN'L BOONE!  
AN OLD KENTUCKY LONG  
RIFLE IS THE GUNMASTER'S  
ONLY WEAPON AS HE FIGHTS  
PIONEER STYLE IN THE DEEP  
WOODS. BUT HIS FOES ARE  
VICIOUS MODERN GANGSTERS!

CAPTAIN GLUMM  
PASSES ON A REPORT  
TO GREG GAYLE, OF THE  
HOMICIDE SQUAD----

JAILBREAK UPSTATE.  
"BOBO" CREEL AND  
A HALF-DOZEN THUGS  
ARE ON THE LOOSE!

WHAT!?  
BOBO  
CREEL!

GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS





WHO ARE YOU PHONING?

TIM BARLOW! REMEMBER HIM? HE GAVE THE EVIDENCE THAT BROKE UP THE CREEL GANG!



SOME YEARS AGO BARLOW WAS FORCED INTO THE GANG, WASN'T HE?

YES. HE WAS SCARED STIFF. CREEL WOULD KILL HIM FOR GIVING THE INFORMATION, BUT I GUARANTEED HE'D BE SAFE!



BARLOW'S BEEN GOING STRAIGHT. HE'S A DECENT CITIZEN NOW... AND I WILL NOT LET CREEL HARM HIM!



DETECTIVE GAYLE SPEAKING. IS BARLOW THERE?

NO, SIR. HE'S ON VACATION AT HIS LONG LAKE CABIN. THAT'S UP-STATE!



FUNNY THING, MR. GAYLE. SOMEBODY ELSE CALLED A LITTLE WHILE AGO FROM UPSTATE, ASKING WHERE MR. BARLOW WAS.

GREAT SCOTT!



CREEL IS ALREADY ON BARLOW'S TRAIL! I'LL HAVE TO HUSTLE!

The forces of law are never portrayed as stupid or ineffective in our stories.



WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES GREG IS SPEEDING TOWARD BARLOW'S CABIN....

WE CAN LAND ON LONG LAKE. HOPE WE BEAT CREEL TO IT. HE'S A KILLER!



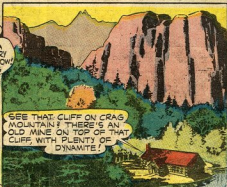
BUT BOBO CREEL GETS TO BARLOW FIRST!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME!

WHAT D'YA EXPECT, YA DIRTY STOOL PIGEON? I'M GONNA RUB YA OUT IN A VERY SPECIAL WAY, BARLOW! IT'LL BE A WARNING TO ALL OTHER SQUEALERS!



SEE THAT CLIFF ON CRAG MOUNTAIN? THERE'S AN OLD MINE ON TOP OF THAT CLIFF, WITH PLENTY OF DYNAMITE!



I'M GONNA SET YA ON TOP OF THE CLIFF WITH A LAFFUL OF DYNAMITE. IT'LL BLAST YA AND THE CLIFF TO BITS!

WHAT A SIGHT THAT'LL BE! WHAT A LESSON FOR SQUEALERS!



KEEP YER EYES PEELED, BOYS. WE GOT A LONG HIKE IN THE WOODS BEFORE WE REACH CRAG MOUNTAIN.

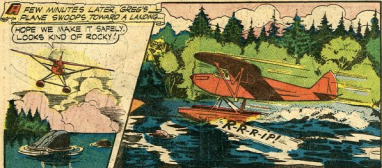


GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, GREG'S PLANE SWOOPS TOWARD A LANDING.

HOPE WE MAKE IT SAFELY.  
LOOKS KIND OF ROCKY!



**G**REG IS HURLED FROM THE PLANE AS IT ALMOST CAPSIZES!



**A** MINUTE LATER...

YOU ALL RIGHT, SR?



SURE, I'LL SWIM  
TO SHORE!

I'LL STAY HERE AND TRY  
TO REPAIR THE PONTOON!



OKAY.

THAT WAS A TOUGH BREAK. MY GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE  
LAKE. HOPE THERE'S NO FIGHTING AHEAD!



Heroes of these stories do not resort to drastic action unless forced to do so.



INSIDE BARLOW'S LODGE....



CREEL'S BEEN HERE!  
I'VE GOT TO GET A  
WEAPON....AND FAST!

GREG SCOUTS ABOUT THE CABIN, AND  
FINDS A POWERFUL, MODERN RIFLE....

(MIGHTY NICE RIFLE....BUT I CAN'T USE IT!)



AN OLD KENTUCKY  
LONG RIFLE,  
COMPLETE WITH  
POWDER HORN  
AND SHOT BAG!  
IT'LL HAVE TO DO!



THIS OLD FLINTLOCK IS IN  
GOOD SHAPE. NOW TO  
FIND CREEL AND BARLOW



THEY LEAVE A  
PLAIN TRAIL.  
WONDER WHERE  
THEY'RE  
HEADING?



AS GREG PASSES THROUGH A CLEARING, HE  
IS SPOTTED FROM THE SLOPE ABOVE....

SEE HIM,  
BOSS?

YEAH! IT'S GAYLE... THE  
DICK THEY CALL "THE GUN-  
MASTER"! WHAT A LAUGH!





HAW! HAW! GUNMASTER, MY EYE! HE'S PACKIN' A BLUNDERBUSS THAT WAS AN ANTIQUE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

YEAH. HE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH GAYLE? WHY DIDN'T HE TAKE MY NEW RIFLE? WHAT GOOD IS A FLINTLOCK AGAINST THIS GANG?



SPREAD OUT IN THE WOODS. PICK 'IM OFF LIKE THE INDIANS DID IN THE OLD DAYS!



BUT BOTH GREGORY GAYLE AND THE OLD FLINTLOCK ARE WELL-ADAPTED TO FIGHTING IN THE DEEP FOREST.

THAT MUST BE GAYLE... BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO AIM AT BUT HIS GUN!



THE THUGS ARE FORCED TO LEAN OUT IN THE OPEN, TO ABSORB THE RECOIL FROM THEIR RIFLES WITH THEIR SHOULDERS....

HA! THAT GIVES ME A NICE BIG TARGET!



THE GREAT WEIGHT AND THICK SOFT IRON OF THE OLD LONG RIFLE SO REDUCE RECOIL, THAT GREG CAN EASILY REST THE BUTT IN THE CROOK OF HIS ELBOW....

ALL I HAVE TO EXPOSE TO SHOOT IS AN EYE AND A FOREARM. THEY'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME HITTING ME.

OWWW!

CRACK



THE GUNMASTER BESTS THE GANG, ONE BY ONE, IN THE DEADLY DUEL....

DON'T SEE HOW THE PIONEERS CHOSE YA DO IT WITH THESE HEAVY GUNS WITH DAT HUNKA JUNK!



HELP BOSS, HELP! DO SUMPIN' TO STOP DA GUNMASTER! HE'S GETTIN' US ALL!



HE'LL BE HERE SOON! I'LL KILL YA BOTH!



AS A PAL OF YOURS HAS JUST LEARNED!

HUH.... PRETTY NIFTY DA WAY YA CAN KEEP UNDER COVER WITH DAT FRONTER TOMMY GUN!



CREEL AND BARLOW REACH THE CLIFF AT CRAG MOUNTAIN....

YOUR GANG IS FOLDING UP CREEL! GREGORY GAYLE WILL GET YOU, TOO!



I SAID I'D BLOW YA UP AND I WILL.... BUT FIRST YA CAN TAKE A NAP!





WITHOUT BARLOW TO SLOW ME DOWN  
I CAN REACH THE TOP OF THE CLIFF  
BEFORE GAYLE GETS HERE!



I'LL HEAVE A KEG OF DYNAMITE DOWN  
ON 'EM BOTH! LET'S SEE HIM SHOOT  
HIS WAY OUT OF THAT!



BARLOW! WHERE'S  
CREEL?

YOU GOT ME! GOSH,  
GAYLE, YOU MUST  
HAVE WORKED  
WONDERS WITH  
THAT OLD RIFLE!



YES, THE LONG  
RIFLE WAS MADE  
FOR FIGHTING IN  
THE DEEP FOREST!

THAT WON'T HELP US  
NOW. WE'RE OUT IN  
THE OPEN. IT MAY  
TAKE A LONG  
ACCURATE SHOT TO  
SAVE OUR LIVES!



THIS IS CREEL, CHUMS---  
ABOUT TO BOUNCE A  
KEG OF DYNAMITE ON  
YOUR HEADS!

DON'T WORRY! IN THE OLD  
DAYS, IT WASN'T UNUSUAL  
TO HIT A MAN'S HEAD  
AT TWO HUNDRED  
YARDS!

(L.L.P.) LOOK!  
UP ON THE  
CLIFF!



GREAT SCOTT! HE'S  
AT LEAST FOUR  
HUNDRED FEET  
ABOVE US, AND I  
CAN'T GET A  
SHOT AT HIM!



All comics are not alike. First read and compare them, then criticise.



HERE IT COMES!



HIT THAT VERY INSTANT...

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!



THE GUNMASTER'S ACCURATE SHOT DRILLS THE KGB JUST AS CREEL GIVES IT A FINAL SHOVE...



LATER...

I HOPE YOU BOYS ENJOYED YOUR DAY IN THE OUTDOORS. YOU'RE GOING TO BE INSIDE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



GOOH! WHAT HAPPENED?

I NEVER DREAMED THE OLD LONG RIFLE WAS SO EFFECTIVE. NO WONDER YOU PICKED IT INSTEAD OF MY NEW RIFLE!

WELL, THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON.



YOU SEE, I COULDN'T FIND ANY AMMUNITION FOR YOUR MODERN RIFLE... AND EVEN A BOW AND ARROW IS BETTER THAN AN UNLOADED GUN!

ANYWAY, EVEN DANIEL BOONE COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER!



GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS